

An excellent Ballad intituled, the unfortunate Love of a Lancashire Gentleman, and the hard Fortune of a faire young Bride.

The tune is, *Come follow my Love.*



Looke you faithfull Lovers,
On my unhappy fate,
See my teares distilling
but poured out too late,
And buy not foolish fancy
at so deare a rate,
Alack for my Love I shall dye.

My Father is a Gentleman,
will known of high degree,
Tender of my woe welfare
evermore was he,
He fought for Reputation,
but all the worke for me,
Alack &c.

There was a proper Payden
of labour sweet and faire,
To whom in deepe affection
I closely did repaire,
In heart I dearly lov'd her
loe thus began my care,
Alack, &c.

For Nature had adorn'd her
with qualities divine,
Prudent in her actions,
and in behaviour fine.
Upon a sweeter Creature
the Sun eys never shine,
Alack, &c.

Nothing wanted in her,
but this the griefe of all,
Of Birth she was but lowly,
of substance very small;
A simple hired Servant
and subject to each call,
Alack &c.

Yet she was my pleasure,
my joy and hearts delight;
More rich then any treasure,
more precious in my sight:
At length to one another
our promise we did plight,
Alack for my Love I shall dye.

And thus unto my Father
the thing I did reveale;
Desiring of his favour,
nothing I did conceal;
But he my deare affection
regarded never a deale,
Alack &c.

Quoth he thou gracelesse fellow,
thou art my onely heire,
And for thy owne preferment
hast thou so little care?
To marry with a Begger
that is both poore and bare.
Alack, &c.

I charge thee on my blessing
thou doe her sight restraine,
And that into her company
you never come againe,
That you should be so married
I take it in disdain.
Alack, &c.

As there so many Gentlemen
of worshipfull degree,
that have most honest Daughters
of beauty faire and free;
And can none but a beggers brat
content and pleasure thee.
Alack, &c.

By God that made all creatures
this vow to thee I make;
If thou doe not this begger
refuse and quite forsake;
From thee thy due Inheritance
I wholly meane to take,
Alack &c.

These his bitter speeches
did sore torment my mind;
Knowing well how greatly
he was to wrath inclin'd,
My heart was flaine with sorrow
no comfort could I find.

Then did I write a Letter
and sent it to my deare;
Wherein my first affection
all changed did appeare,
Which from her faire eyes forced
the pearled water cleare.
Alack for my Love I shall dye.

For griefe unto the Messenger
one word she could not speake,
Those dolefull heavy tydings
her gentle heart did breake;
Yet sought not by her speeches
on me her heart to weake.
Alack, &c.

This deed within my conscience,
tormented me full sore,
To thinke upon the promise
I made her long before;
And for the true performance
how I most deeply swore.
Alack, &c.

I could not be in quiet
till I to her did goe,
Who for my sake remained
in deadly care and woe.
And unto her in secret
my full intent to shew,
Alack, &c.

My sight resoyced greatly,
her sad perplexed heart,
From both her eyes on sudden
the trickling teares did start;
And each in others bosome
wee breathed out our smart,
Alack, &c.

Unknowne unto my Father,
or any friend beside;
Our selves we closely married
shee was my onely Bride:
Yet still within her service
I caused her to abide,
Alack, &c.

But never had two Lovers
more sorrow care and griefe,
No meane in our extremity
we found for our reliefe;
And now what further hapned
here followeth in briefe.

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Now you loyall Lovers
attend unto the rest,
See by secret marriage
how soe I am oprest,
For why my full misfortune
herein shall be exprest,
Alack for my Love I must dye.

My Father came unto me
upon a certayne day,
And with a merry countenance,
these words to me did say.
My son quoth he come hither,
and marke what I shall say.
Alack, &c.

Seeing you are disposed
to lead a wedded life,
I have unto thy credit
provided thee a Wife;
Where thou maist live delightful
without all care and strife.
Alack, &c.

Passer Senock's Daughter
most beautifull and wise,
Three hundred pound her portion
may well thy mind suffice:
And by her friends and kindred
thou maist to credit rise.
Alack, &c.

This is my Son undoubted
a match for thee most meet,
She is a proper Maiden
most delicate and sweet.
Goe wooe her then and win her
I should rejoyce to see't.
Alack, &c.

Her friends and I have talked,
and thereon have agreed,
Then be not thou abashed
but presently proceed.
Thou shalt be enterained
and have no doubt to speed.
Alack, &c.

O pardon me deare Father
with bashfull looks he saide,
To enter into marriage
I sorely am afraid.
A single life is lobely
therein my mind is staide.
Alack, &c.

When he heard my speeches
his anger did arise,
He doobe me from his presence,
my sight he did despise.
And straight to disinherit me
all means he did devise.
Alack, &c.

When I my selfe perceived
in this ill case to stand,
Post lewoly I consented
unto his fond demand.
And married with the other
and all to save my Land.
Alack, &c.

And at this haplesse marriage,
great cost my friends did keep.
They spared not their poultry,
their Oxen nor their sheep.
Whilst joyfully they danced
I did in corners weep.
Alack, &c.

My conscience was tormented
which did my joyes deprive,
Yet soe to hide my sorrow
my thoughts did alwaies scribe,
Quoth I what shame will it be
to have two wives alive.
Alack, &c.

O my sweetest Margaret,
I did in sorrow say,
Thou knowest not in thy service
of this my marriage day;
Though here my body resteth
with thee my heart doth stay.
Alack, &c.

And my meditation
came in my lobely Bride,
With chains and Jewels trim'd
and sicken kiches beside,
Saying why doth my true Love,
so sadly here abide.
Alack, &c.

Pea twenty lobely kisses
she did on me bestow,
And forth abroad a walking
this lobely Paide did goe,
Pea arm in arm most kindly,
with me that was her foe.
Alack, &c.

But when that I had brought her
where no body was neare,
I embraced her most fallow
with a most feigned chere,
Unto the heart I stabbed
this Darted faire and cleare.
Alack, &c.

My selfe in wofull manner
I wounded with a knife,
And laid my selfe down by her
by this my married Wife:
And said that These to rob us
had wrought this deadly strife.
Alack, &c.

Great wailing and great sorrow
was then upon each side,
In wofull sort they buried
this faire and comely Bride.
And my dissimulation
in this was quickly try'd:
Alack, &c.

And for this cruell murther
to death that I am brought,
For this my aged Father
did end his dayes in thought,
My Magaree at these tydings
her own destruction wrought.
Alack, &c.

Loe here the desolable perill
blind fancy brought me in,
And mark what care and sorrow
for'd marriage doth bring:
All men by me be warned,
and Lord forgive my sin.
Alack, &c.